

Good Morning 413

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He Was a King of Cricket

By John Allen

"JACK, as he is known to everyone, is so familiar to the sporting public as to be a national institution. Of him it may truly be said, 'He who knows not Hobbs has not lived.'"

That is what P. G. H. Fender, ace of captains, said of Jack Hobbs a few years ago, and in a few words summed up the cricketer whom the whole world knows.

Not only was Hobbs a fine batsman, but he was a first-class cover-point, and as a sportsman had few equals.

He could, with a twist of his wrist, send the ball to the boundary; other men would have to open their shoulders and hit hard.

"King of the Cricket Kings," John Berry Hobbs, for so many years opening batsman for Surrey and England, was the son of a cricketer on the ground, staff at Fender's, Cambridge. Always keen on the summer game, he cap-

tained the local church choir team when he was twelve years of age. Six years later he had already scored his first century, and was coach to Bedford Grammar School, but his ambition was to play in County cricket.

Tom Hayward, the Surrey and England opening batsman, a Cambridge man, like Hobbs—and the first professional to score a hundred centuries—offered to help, and introduced him to Essex—but that club did not think Hobbs was up to County standard!

Eventually, Surrey decided to give him a chance, and very soon he was in the County team.

His first match, as a matter of interest, was against Essex—and he showed Essex what they had missed by scoring 155—the first of the 196 centuries that have put him on a plane higher than any other cricketer.

Altogether, before he laid his pads and bat aside for the last time, he scored 60,613 runs in first-class cricket, and shared in more first-wicket records than any other man.

THE PERFECT FAN. His effortless and perfect style was the envy of every other man, the cause of a great deal of worry to opposing bowlers, and a delight to spectators. Yet Hobbs himself was a good change bowler, and on one occasion topped the County averages—a fact not generally known.

I know one Australian who used to travel from "Down Under" every year just to see Jack Hobbs play.

He never met the great batsman personally; but saw every match in which he played. When Jack retired from County cricket, Surrey erected gates, known as the "Hobbs Gates," to his memory at the entrance to the Oval.

No sportsman could have deserved such an honour more.

Hobbs's partner in so many great openings for Surrey was Andy Sandham. Known as "Sandy" to cricket fans, he was unfortunate in being contemporary with one so great as Herbert Sutcliffe, otherwise he would have been Hobbs's regular partner in England's team.

As it was, he and Jack made over sixty century openings for Surrey, and Sandham, on many occasions, played for his country.

He and Hobbs had very much in common; both were specialists in their particular way, with Sandham specialising in the late-cut. His graceful attack upon first-class bowling earned him praise in every country in which cricket is played. In the course of Test matches "Sandy" had one or two unusual experiences.

When playing in the West Indies he developed foot trouble; his own shoes pinched him. Pat Hendren, Middlesex's jovial joker, loaned Sandham his.

Within a very short time it was obvious that Sandham was in for a big score. Soon he was on the 89 mark. Then a hit to leg resulted in him making a sharp run, and in mid-wicket his left shoe—too big—fell off.

But still the batsman kept running, otherwise he would have lost his wicket!

Anyway, replacing the shoe, Sandy once more went to work, and finished the day with a score of 325, a world Test record which was several years later beaten by Walter Hammond, who scored 336 not



Steward Bob Bailey LOVE FROM HOME

IT was your old friend, Mr. F. Clowe, the postman, who gave us a cheery "Good Morning" as we laboured up Church Brow, Steward Robert

Bailey, and directed us to your home at 53 The Mudd, Mottram, Cheshire. When we knocked at your door your mother told us that she had been expecting the postman all morning with a letter from you, along with your new address, but as we couldn't oblige her with the latest news of you, we decided to "reverse the charges" and give you some news from home.

It was wash-day, so you can imagine the action at home. Your mother was being ably assisted by little Jean and "Jock" until we arrived, but Jean's interest was soon centred around the "Good Morning" photographer preparing to take her picture.

Everything is fine at Mottram, Bob. Mother and Dad send you the very best, and although Gordon was at school, we know he sends you the same. By the way, your young

Pluto, the ninth planet, was discovered by Dr. Slipper, of the Lowell Observatory in Arizona, on March 13, 1930. It is similar to the earth, in that it is a solid and cold body. At present it is estimated to be 3,810 million miles from the sun.

The largest pearl ever found, the Beresford-Hope, weighed 1,800 grains, six times as much as the oyster that produced it.

brother seems to be following in your footsteps, for he is as keen as mustard on football. How about getting him a trial next season for the Glossop Nomads?

Auntie Susie came in rather breathless to inform us that "Maggie" had cornered one of the local pigeons, but he didn't manage pigeon-piè after all.

Glad to hear you have quite recovered from your accident, Bob—it was most unfortunate.

Just before we said goodbye, Jean very coyly caught up the ends of her dress and told us very confidentially that Uncle Bob had gone back to the Navy. So, you see, she does remember you! And all's well at home. Good Hunting!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Yeast-food Miracle for the Hungry Millions

From JOHN FLEETWOOD

NEARLY 50,000,000 tons is the estimated amount of food needed to feed Occupied Europe's sick and hungry millions—and for only six months.

But on a gradually reducing scale it will go on much longer than that. So much so, that the Food Minister warned:

"We are heading for a general shortage of food. For at least two years a big proportion of the world's food supplies will have to be diverted to liberated Europe, forcing down the standard of living practically throughout the world."

Must we, then, for two whole years, go on, as now, squeezing to the last ounce of production our farms, gardens, allotments, backyards and bombed sites, so that the bulk of the food supplies destined for us may be diverted to the Continent?

It appears not, for food scientists, who have been working 24 hours a day throughout the war, seem to have found a way out.

Meat, as rich and nourishing as takes at least two years to raise on the hoof, is now being produced in the factory—and in a matter of days.

It is a completely new idea, and the product, for the present, is nameless except for the chemist's unromantic label, "Torula Utilis."

But even in the reserved phraseology of the Food Ministry, this wonder food will "help to solve many of the world's nutrition problems, both now and after the war."

Experiments just completed in Britain by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research have justified the belief that the new food can be best manufactured from sugar or molasses. Therefore it will also help materially to settle the problem of over-production of sugar which exists in some of the Colonies in peace time.

Jamaica was chosen as the actual factory site for the first full-scale experiment. The necessary plant and bio-chemists are now on the spot, and a preliminary Exchequer

grant of £25,000 has been allotted to the scheme. If it succeeds—output from this one factory is expected to reach 2,000 tons a year—larger sums will be made available for setting up similar factories in other sugar-producing parts of the Empire.

But this is not a British undertaking alone. Feeding post-war Europe will be a United Nations affair, so America, too, is an enthusiastic partner in the venture, and a factory at St. Louis is knee-deep in the same enthralling experiment.

The new product is actually a new type of yeast, which, being the richest source yet discovered of protein and vitamin B, is superior in nourishment even to meat. For a long time yeast has been a manufacturing medium in bread, beer, and a number of foods, but never before had its possibilities as a "straight food" been even remotely suspected.

Unadorned, the yeast has a pleasant nut-like flavour, but, with flavours specially introduced, it can be made to taste like separate natural foods. By crossing several yeast variants, the ideal combinations have been found, and production of these is proceeding, warily at first, but with the likelihood of immense and widespread output when confidence in the satisfactory outcome of the experiment is fully justified.

The recipe? Dump 100 pounds or so of the yeast into a large vat containing 7,000 gallons of water and 1½ tons of molasses, and ammonia. Stir at minute intervals with 1,000 cubic feet of air.

Having itself fed lustily for twelve hours on the sugar in the molasses, and converted

the ammonia into nitrogen, thus forming protein, the yeast has now acquired nearly twenty times its original bulk—is, indeed, a whole ton of fine-tasting food.

Uncooked, it looks a trifle unappetising—just a dry, brown powder. But ordinary kitchen treatment will transform it both as to bulk, appearance, taste, and variety, into the several parts of a substantial three- or four-course meal—soup, steak, a kind of bread, puddings, and even pies.

The two factories operating at the time of writing are alone equipped to produce hundreds of thousands of pounds of the magic powder. Lend-Lease and the Forces are already trying it out. When more factories get on the job, output will run into millions of tons—not pounds.

With these prospects, plus the equally vital one of cheapness—yeast food costs only one-fifth that of meat—Torula Utilis will relegate orthodox ersatz to a back seat, substituting a synthetic of the future, even more nourishing and sustaining than natural foods. It shows promise of solving the biggest of U.N.R.R.A.'s social problems, reducing space demands on post-war shipping, and easing what might have been Britain's potential food shortage.

Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines.
Sir William Hamilton.

I stood upon that silent hill
And stared into the sky
Until
My eyes were blind with stars, and still
I stared into the sky.
Ralph Hodgson.

Hail Sabbath! Thee I hail,
The poor man's day.
James Graham
(1765-1811).

'You Mistake Your Man!'

PART 5

WE saw neither land nor sail from the time of leaving Juan Fernandez until our arrival in California. We caught the south-east trades, and ran before them for nearly three weeks, without so much as altering a sail or bracing a yard.

On Friday, December 19th, we crossed the equator for the second time. Christmas Day brought us no holiday. The only change was that we had a "plum duff" for dinner, and the crew quarrelled with the steward because he did not give us our usual allowance of molasses to eat with it.

He thought the plums would be a substitute for the molasses, but we were not to be cheated out of our rights in this way. Such are the trifles which produce quarrels on shipboard.

In fact, we had been too long from port. We were getting tired of one another, and were in an irritable state, both forward and aft.

Our fresh provisions were, of course, gone, and the captain had stopped our rice, so that we had nothing but salt beef and salt pork throughout the week, with the exception of a very small "duff" on Sunday.

This added to the discontent, and a thousand little things, daily and almost hourly occurring, which no one who has not himself been on a long and tedious voyage can conceive of or properly appreciate, brought us into a state in which everything seemed to go wrong.

In the midst of this state of

things, my messmate S—and myself petitioned the captain for leave to shift our births from the steerage, where we had previously lived, into the fore-castle. This was granted, and we turned in to bunk and mess with the crew forward.

We now began to feel like sailors, which we never did when we were in the steerage. While there, however, useful and active you may be, you are but a mongrel.

You are immediately under the eye of the officers, cannot dance, sing, play, smoke, make a noise, or growl, or take any other sailor's pleasure; and you live with a steward, who is usually a go-between; and the crew never feel as though you were one of them.

But if you live in the fore-castle you hear sailors' talk, learn their ways, their peculiarities of feeling as well as speaking and acting; and, moreover, pick up a great deal of curious and useful information in seamanship, ships' customs, foreign countries, etc., from their long yarns and equally long disputes.

Upon our coming into the fore-castle there was some difficulty about the uniting of the allowances of bread, by which we thought we were to lose a few pounds.

This set us into a ferment. The captain would not condescend to explain, and we went aft in a body, with a Swede, the oldest and best sailor of the crew, for spokesman.

The recollection of the scene that followed always brings up a smile, especially the quarter-deck dignity and eloquence of the captain.

He was walking the weather side of the quarter-deck, and, seeing us coming aft, stopped short in his walk, and with a voice and

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

look intended to annihilate us, called out, "Well, what do you want now?"

Whereupon we stated our grievances as respectfully as we could, but he broke in upon us, saying that we were getting fat and lazy, didn't have enough to do, and that made us find fault.

This provoked us, and we began to give word for word.

This would never answer. He clenched his fist, stamped and swore, and sent us all forward, saying, with oaths enough interspersed to send the words home.

"Away with you. Go forward, every one of you! I'll haze you! I'll work you up! You don't have enough to do! . . . You've mistaken your man! I'm F—T—, all the way from 'down east.' I've been through the mill, ground and bolted, and come out a regular-built down-east Johnny-cake—good when it's hot; but when it's cold, sour and indigestible; and you'll find me so!"

So much for our petition for the redress of grievances. The matter was, however, set right, for the mate, after allowing the captain time to cool off, explained it to him; and at night we were all called aft to hear another harangue, in which, of course, the

whole blame of the misunderstanding was thrown upon us.

Thus the affair blew over, but the irritation caused by it remained, and we never had peace or good understanding again so long as the captain and crew remained together.

We continued sailing along in the beautiful temperate climate of the Pacific, and on January 14th, 1835, came to anchor in the spacious bay of Santa Barbara, after a voyage of one hundred and fifty days from Boston.

WIND is the bane of the coast of California. Between the months of November and April, which is the rainy season, you are never safe from it; and accordingly in the ports which are open to it, vessels are obliged, during these months, to lie at anchor at a distance of three miles from the shore, with slip-ropes on their cables, ready to slip and go to sea at a moment's warning.

As it was January when we arrived, and the middle of the south-easter season, we accordingly came to anchor at the distance of three miles from the shore, in eleven fathoms water, and bent a slip-rope and buoys to our cables, cast off the yard-arm gaskets from the sails, and stopped them all with rope-yarns.

After we had done this, the boat went ashore with the captain, and returned with orders to the mate to send a boat ashore for him at sundown.

It was a beautiful day, and so warm that we had on straw hats, duck trousers, and all the summer gear; as this was midwinter, it spoke well for the climate; and we afterwards found that the thermometer never fell to the freezing-point throughout the winter.

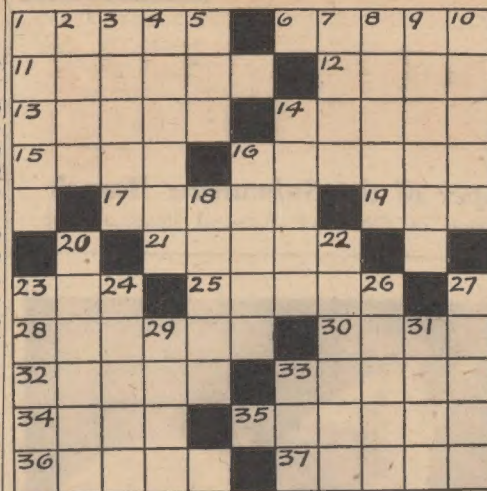
We lay on our oars on the swell, just outside of the surf, waiting for a good chance to run in, when a boat, which had put off from the Ayacucho just after us, came alongside of us, with a crew of dusky Sandwich Islanders, talking and hallooing in their outlandish tongue.

They knew that we were novices in this kind of boating, and waited to see us go in. The second mate, however, who steered our boat, determined to have the advantage of their experience, and would not go in first.

Finding at length how matters stood, they gave a shout, and taking advantage of a great comber which came swelling in, rearing its head, and lifting up the stern of our boat perpendicular, and again dropping it in the trough, they gave three or four long and strong pulls, and went in on top of the great wave, throwing their oars overboard and as far from the boat as they could throw them, and jumping out the instant that the boat touched the beach, and then seizing hold of her, and running her up high and dry upon the sand.

We saw at once how it was to be

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Coarse linen.
- 6 Servant.
- 11 Vent.
- 12 Thin.
- 13 Moving.
- 14 Fillets.
- 15 Slide.
- 16 Overlook.
- 17 Musical instrument.
- 19 Utter.
- 21 Direction.
- 23 Representing.
- 25 Part of helmet.
- 28 In high spirits.
- 30 Spice.
- 32 Tree.
- 33 Musical piece.
- 34 Work.
- 35 Bundle for fuel.
- 36 Rinse.
- 37 Pays.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Seaboard.
- 2 Rebaked bread.
- 3 Garret.
- 4 Slithers.
- 5 Pronoun.
- 7 To a distance.
- 8 Fish.
- 9 Make precious.
- 10 Irascible.
- 14 Hotel employee.
- 16 Liquid.
- 18 Swain.
- 20 Empty.
- 22 Allegiance.
- 23 Notable deeds.
- 24 Spokes of circle.
- 26 Scope.
- 27 Money.
- 29 Inform.
- 31 Water-bird.
- 33 English river.

OFF BOA POP
DRAMA BLUR
DUCAT JONAH
SITS BUSTLE
TOTTERS W
AYR AGE WAN
C SLEDGES
TABLET LETS
SPOON REVUE
SUET UNITE
JET SUM LED



"What liars men are! Said he'd be over in a jiffy and called for me in a jeep!"

done, and also the necessity of keeping the boat stern on to the sea; for the instant the sea should strike upon her broadside or quarter she would be driven up broadside on and capsized.

We pulled strongly in, and as soon as we felt that the sea had got hold of us, and was carrying us in with the speed of a race-horse, we threw the oars as far from the boat as we could, and took hold of the gunwale, ready to spring out and seize her when she struck, the officer using his utmost strength to keep her stern on.

We were shot up upon the beach like an arrow from a bow,

and seizing the boat, ran her up high and dry, and soon picked up our oars, and stood by her, ready for the captain to come down.

"Well, Dana," said the second mate to me, "this does not look much like college, does it? This is what I call head work."

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—352

1. Put a poet in BOMIER and make a soldier of him.
2. In the following first line of a children's dance song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Stun moce dan reho amy ew higgearnt.**
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change CASK into WINE and then back again into CASK, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the three hidden trees in: **The Guinea fowl I mean, is as healthy as can be; a muscular chicken, in fact.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 351

1. DEcantER.
2. There was I, waiting at the church.
3. SIDE, tide, tile, till, tell, teal, TEAM, seam, seas, sets, sits, site, SIDE.
4. E-n-ster, W-hit-sun.

QUIZ for today

1. A pratincole is a vegetable, horse collar, bird, dance, fish, dentist's drill?
2. Who wrote (a) One Way of Love, (b) One Way of Living?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Mediant, Dominant, Mordent, Mordant, Modulation.
4. Give two British birds which call their own names.
5. How much per annum are British M.P.s paid?
6. What British colony is divided into three counties, named Cornwall, Middlesex and Surrey?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Hoopoe, Hoove, Hookah, Hoonce, Horal, Hornito, Hoodlum.
8. What country uses a coin called a gourde?
9. What is the colour of the ribbon of the George Medal?
10. Who were the first to use rocket-driven weapons in warfare, and when?
11. Of what is the fabric known as batiste made?
12. Name the coloured balls use in snooker, in order of value.

Answers to Quiz in No. 412

1. Tin mines.
2. (a) Robert Burns, (b) F. W. Thomas.
3. Wimple is a civilian head-gear; others are military.
4. Ecuador.
5. Ram.
6. Andy Bowen fought Jack Burke for 110 rounds, taking 7 hours 19 minutes, at New Orleans in 1893.
7. Elephant.
8. One inch.
9. Mr. Micawber in Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit."
10. Mercury.
11. Ginger wine.
12. Ant, Bee (Beetle), Cricket (Cockchafer), Dragon-fly (Drone, Dumbledore), Earwig (Emmet).

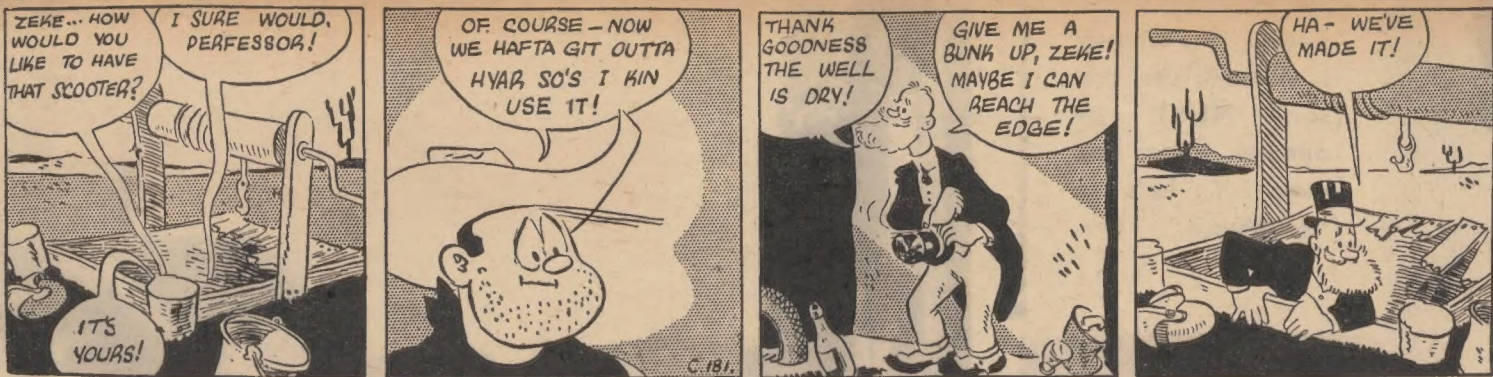


These men laugh at hair tonics and they don't worry at all about getting a little bit thin on the top. They're members of the Bald-headed Men's Club at Racine, Wisconsin, and there are 700 of them—all hoping to qualify for the Club's highest honour, the title of "Baldest Pate." Here you see the title-holder being measured by the President. He shows 60.5 square inches of exposed scalp.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



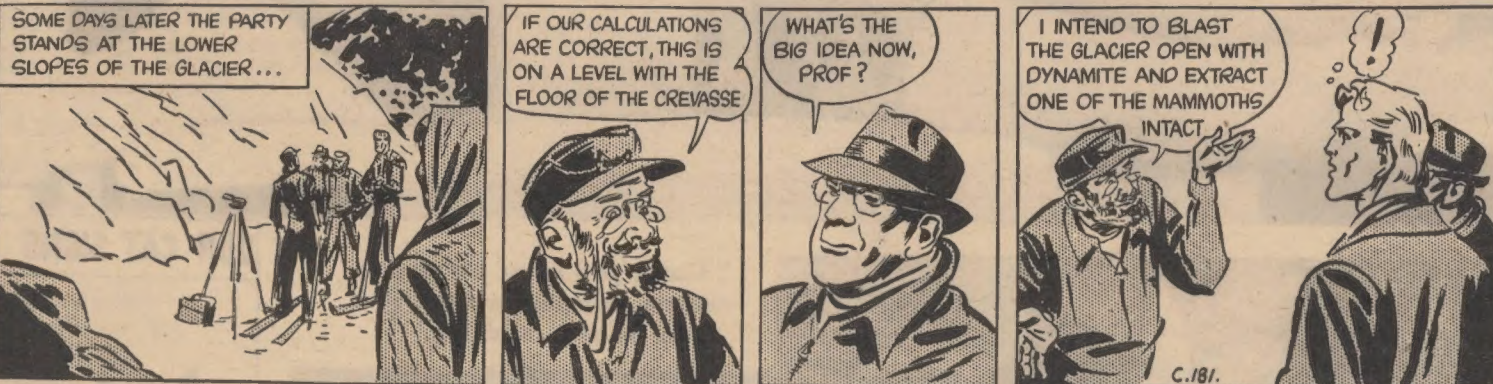
POPEYE



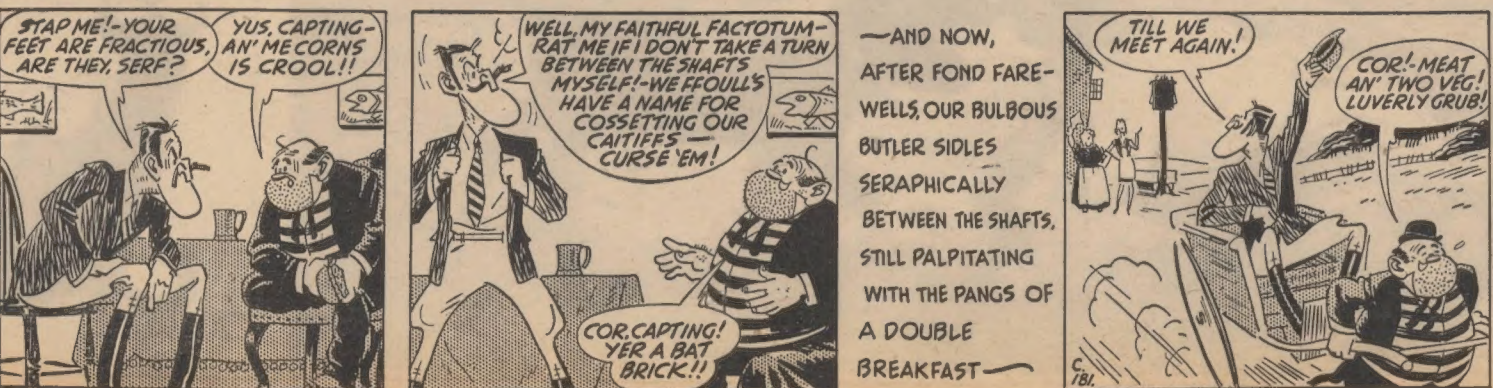
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



BECAUSE one man can see, children who have been blind from infancy and are now between seven and sixteen years of age are able to pick out with unerring accuracy place-names on a map of the British Isles, tell the time between sunrise and sunset (though they have never seen the sun), and name the day and month of the year.

The children are the boys and girls of Court Grange, a school run by the National Institute for the Blind, in a picturesque Devonshire valley at Abbotkerswell, two miles from Newton Abbot.

Man with vision is their headmaster, Mr. M. Blake. He has invented an electric map to enable children to gain expert knowledge of the geography of their country.

THE map is cut out in plywood on which tinfoil is superimposed. Below the map, in Braille, is a list of towns, against each of which is a plug hole.

Two plug wires are connected up to a low voltage mains transformer, and when the pupil is asked to find a particular place on the map he inserts one plug into the hole opposite the Braille name.

With the other plug he feels his way across the map till a buzzer tells him he is against the required spot, in which he then puts his plug.

By similar devices invented by the man with vision the children are able to tell the time, the day and the month.

A special feature of the school is music, taught by inducing the pupil to memorise the notes from ear. The teacher is Mr. B. Slee, L.R.A.M., himself blind from childhood, and since the school was first started eleven years ago he has had 183 successes in the examinations of the Royal Schools of Music, including thirty-five distinctions and forty-three credits.

WOULDN'T mind being in the arm of the law in Birmingham right now. Newly appointed Inspector of Women Police tells me that her force will be made up of lipstick, powdered and permed young ladies.

Miss N. P. Gray, herself a constable in Sheffield fourteen years ago, aims to make this the most attractive body of women in the force.

They don't wear boots, they have no truncheons or handcuffs, only a whistle, and are permitted any hair style.

Miss Gray told me: "There's vice in the town and we're going to clean it up. Frumpy women need not apply—I want the really feminine type."

BUSINESS men put forward their ideas for a "cleaning up" of the world after the war in a report issued by a sub-committee of the British Committee of the International Chambers of Commerce recently.

One of the things they suggest is slow demobilisation, because, they say, the transition stage will be a period of danger as well as opportunity.

Release from the Armed Forces and war industries should be gradual. It should accord with a programme of priorities governing production for civilian use.

Government employees, retained in either munitions or military service, should be diverted to peace-time public works, pending their absorption in private industry.

Who'd like to tell this to the Marines?

FOR courage, resolution and skill in successful patrols in H.M. Submarine "Torbay," the D.S.C. has been awarded to Lieut. A. S. Melville-Ross, R.N.

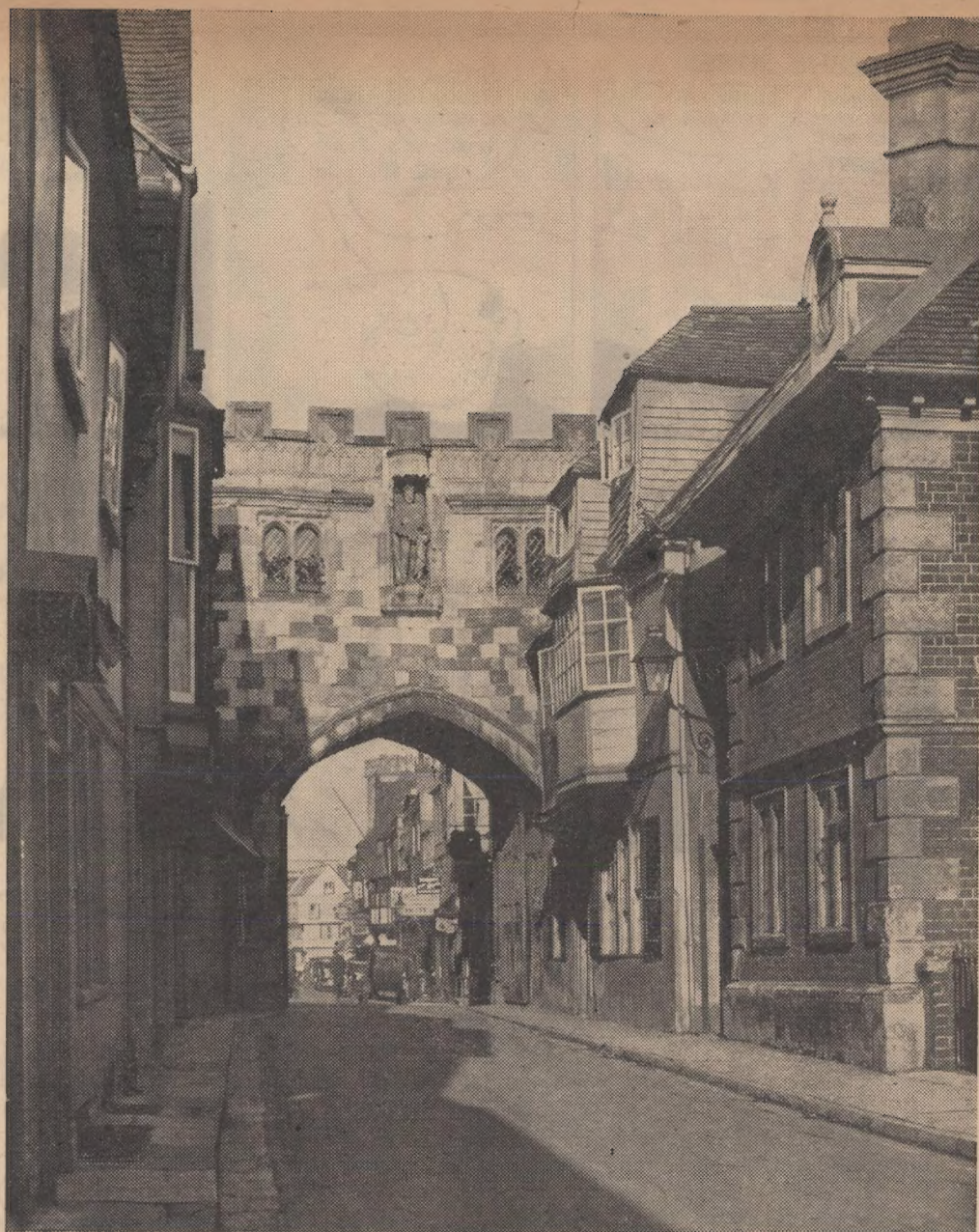
Humble congratulation, skipper and crew of "Torbay."

Ron Richards

Good Morning



★ Even if one's home is blitzed, the season **MUST** be opened. Yes, and even if he's a "southpaw," too. ★



This England

The High Street Gate. A picturesque corner of Salisbury, Wiltshire. Built in the 14th Century the Gate is still closed at 10.30 each night.

M.G.M. glamorous Esther Williams. See her in "Andy Hardy's Double Life" with Mickey Rooney.



"Why the hell can't I have a silver spoon in my mouth?"



"Gosh, you must be glad to see me, but please don't give me such a 'licking.'"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'd give eight of my lives for Rooney's double."

